

you think right, William; I ken you are nao waster, and they wad hae shown the same kindness to you." "I hope you'll find no waster," returned her husband smiling; nor am I fear'd for you turning out ano either, Joanie lass, though you was soe vory brav about the head last night. By the direction of his eyes to the artificial flowers which had adorned her wedding cap, and which were lying on the top of her stand of drawers at the moment, Joanie saw to what her husband alluded. "Oh the flowers!" said she, blushing; they didna cost me muckle, William."

The conversation of the pair was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Smith of Drylaw, who mentioned, with an appearance of kindness, that having been accidentally in Elangton that day, she had thought it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Joanie and her Goodman. Whether curiosity had fully as much share in bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters not. Joanie and William received her as became her rank, and the relation in which the former had lately stood regarding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and she was pressed to taste a drop of the best liquor they possessed.

Alas, how sudden are the revolutions in human affairs! The party were in the midst of an amicable conversation, when Mrs. Smith's eye happened to be caught by the bouquet on the top of the drawers, and a remarkable change was at once observable in her manner. "Joanie," said she, with deep emphasis and rising anger, "I did not expect to find my flowers lying there—say not a word—I see it all—you have been a thief—there is the evidence of it—I shall not stay another instant in your house!"

So saying, the infuriated and reckless woman rushed from the dwelling of the wonder-stricken pair.—Joanie, as already mentioned, was timid and modest, to a fault. When her late mistress thus addressed her, she motioned to speak, but could not, though the blood rushed to her face, and her bosom heaved convulsively. When left alone with her husband, she turned her eyes wildly towards him, and a flood of tears gushed over her cheeks. What thought William of all this? His emotion was scarcely less on hearing the accusation, than his wife's; and recollecting her saying that the flowers cost her nothing, alas! he feared that the charge was but too true. The more than feminine delicacy and timidity of his wife's nature was not fully known to him, and her voiceless agitation appeared too like an inability to confute the imputation. He rose, and while Joanie, still incapable of utterance, could only hold up her hands deprecating, he cast on her a glance of mingled sorrow and rebuke, and left the room. His wife—his bride—stricken in the first flush of her matronly joy and pride, sunk from her chair on his departure—insensible!

It was rather late, from a cause that has been alluded to, before William Ainslie returned to his home that night. His wife had retired to rest, but her sister-in-law, who had been sent for by Joanie, was in waiting for him, and revealed the utter falsehood of Mrs. Smith's accusation, she having been an eyewitness of the receipt of the flowers, as a present from another lady. "Take care o' Joanie, William," said the sister-in-law; "she is ill—a charge o' that kind is enough to kill her." This prediction unapparently had truth in it. On the ensuing morning, the young wife was raving incoherently, in a state between slumber and waking. A deep flush remained permanently upon her countenance, most unlike the usual fairness of her complexion. Her muttered exclamations shocked her husband to the soul. "Oh, William, you believed it! But it's no true—it's no true—it is false!" was the language she continually murmured forth.

Medical skill was speedily seen to be necessary, and the surgeon who was called in informed William, that, in consequence of strong excitement, incipient symptoms of brain-fever had made their appearance. The utmost quiet was prescribed, and blood withdrawn from the temples in considerable quantity.—For a time, these and other remedies seemed to give relief, and the poor husband never left the side of the sufferer; indeed, it seemed as if she could not bear him to be absent, her mind always reverting, when he was out of her sight, to the idea that he believed the charge which had been made against her, and had left her for ever. The oft-repeated assurances to the contrary, from his own lips, seemed at length to produce conviction, she at last was silent on the subject. But the charge—the blow—had struck too deep.—Joanie Ainslie—if we may call her by a name that she was destined so short a time to bear—fell after two or three days' illness into a state of stupor, which continued with short and rare intervals, and on the eighth day after her nuptials, her pure spirit departed.

William Ainslie had shown on many occasions in life great firmness and self-command, and now, though deep suffering [was written on his brow, he waded, with at least external composure, the requisite

preparations, for laying in the grave the remains of her whom he had loved so long and so truly. As to retribution upon the head of the person who had been instrumental, through inconsiderate hastiness only, it is to be hoped, in producing his misery, the bereaved husband thought not of calling for it. Yet it did come, to a certain extent; for our errors seldom pass, even in this life without a pang of punishment and remorse.

Several days after charging the innocent Joanie with the abduction of her flowers, Mrs. Smith of Drylaw found, by a discovery of her own servant, that one of her younger children, impatient for the flowering of a rose-bush in the little garden nigh the farm-house, had lighted upon the artificial bouquet in her mother's dressing room, and had carried it out and stuck it upon the bush. There the flowers were accordingly found, and Mrs. Smith, who was far from being an evil-intentioned woman, did feel regret at having charged the loss upon the guiltless. Ignorant of all that had passed at Elangton in the interval, she determined to call at William Ainslie's on her first visit to the village, and explain her mistake.

That call was made two days after Joanie's death; and on Mrs. Smith entering the room, she found William sitting by his bereaved hearth, with his sister-in-law, and another kind neighbor, bearing him company. "Oh—by the bye—those flowers!" said the unwelcome visitor in a tone and in a manner which she meant to be condescending and insinuating, "how sorry I am for what happened about those flowers! Where do you think I found them after all?—in a rose-bush in the garden, where Joanna had put them. And now I am come to say I am sorry for it, and hope that it will be all over."

William Ainslie had risen slowly during this extraordinary speech; and now, raising his finger towards his lips, he approached and took Mrs. Smith by the hand, beckoning at the same time to the two women who were seated with him. They seemed intuitively to comprehend his wishes, and rising, moved towards the bed, around which the curtains were closely drawn, William leading forward also the unresisting and bewildered visitor. The women drew the curtains aside, and William, fixing his eyes on Mrs. Smith, pointed silently to the body of his wife, shrouded in the ceremonies of death, and lying with the pale uncovered face upturned to that heaven for which her pure life had been a fitting preparation. The wretched and false accuser gazed with changing colour on the corpse of the dead innocent, and turning her looks for a moment on the silent faces around, that regarded her more in sorrow than in anger, she uttered a groan of anguish as if truth bore on her; then, bursting from the hand which held her, she hastily departed from the house.

There is little to add to this melancholy story, which, unhappily, is but too true. The little we have to add, is but in accordance with the tenor of what has been told. After the burial of his Joanie, William Ainslie departed from Elington; and what were his future fortunes no one can tell, for he never was seen or heard of again in his native place. As for the unhappy woman who was the occasion of the lamentable catastrophe which we have related, she still lives to deplore the rashness of which she was guilty. Let us hope that the circumstances will have an influence on her future conduct, and be not without its moral efficacy in the minds of our readers.

FOREIGN.

[From the Scotman.]

The Spanish news are satisfactory. Carlos has discovered that Valencia is too strong to be attacked with the smallest hope of success; and the latest telegraphic despatches announce, that he has left the coast road which led directly to it, and turned westward, to avoid approaching the town. We have a more palpable proof of his weakness in the fact, that a part of his army which assaulted Castellon de Plana, was repulsed by that small town, which in point of size, would scarcely form a suburb of Valencia. It is supposed now, that the Don's object is to push forward into Murcia. Ask not why—He who is pursued must fly somewhere! Since he left Navarrese he has marched 500 miles through the provinces of Aragon, Navarre and Valencia. In that route he has plundered and burned several villages, but not one town has declared for him; nor has he been able to enter one, even the most insignificant, by force, though he made attempts on several, and had been repulsed. In

every action of any consequence he has been defeated; and the only feat he has performed, has been to escape his pursuer by retreats and stolen marches! He is an expert fugitive, and that is all. Though he has traversed provinces inhabited by two millions and a half of inhabitants, no popular movement, no insurrection in his favour, of the slightest consequence, has been produced. His present army consists of little more, we believe, than Cabrera's corps, and that is chiefly composed of Monks driven from their monasteries, paupers formerly fed by these monasteries, smugglers, thieves, and banditti: classes more numerous in Spain than in any other European country. Very few of the Navarrese accompany him. With this motley crew of vagabonds and outcasts, he is scouring the eastern and southern provinces, as Gomez did last year seeking rest for the sole of his foot, but as yet finding none! It is true that the Carlist guerrillas are numerous in Arragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, but they are mere predatory hordes, impotent for conquest, but strong to disturb a country. In our humble opinion, the prospects of the Queen's party never were more flattering than at this time.

The Paris Journals contain the following official information from Spain:—

BORDEAUX, July 23.

On the 15th, in the vicinity of Chiva, Orre attacked and beat the Pretender, who appears to march in the direction of Cuenga. His headquarters were the same day at Burool.—The Carlists lost about 2000 men. Deserters and prisoners entered Valencia on the 16th.

"The Baron de Meer has also gained an advantage at Prats de Lusannes, routing the enemy, and recovering the cannon lost at Berga."

Advices from Madrid to the 16th are favourable to the Queen's cause. Espartero was in the vicinity of Guadalaxara. There were several arrests in the capital between the 10th and 16th inst. but there prevailed no apprehension of the approach of the Carlists.

This morning the following intelligence has been received from Narbonne:—

Letters from Barcelona of the 21st July state that the Baron de Meer, after having gone to Prats de Lusannes with a convoy, reached Manseu in despite of redoubled attacks from numbers twice as great as his own. Ripoli is attacked by Urbisondo. A sharp firing was heard on the 23d before that town.

PARIS, July 24.

HANOVER—I understand, from very good authority, that accounts have just been received by express from Hanover, stating that a very violent agitation prevails there among all classes of people, and that the principal personages had met for the purpose of addressing the great powers of Europe. The date of these despatches is not given; but my informant assures me that he has seen them.—*Letter in the London Post.*

COLONIAL.

MONTREAL, August.

Almost all the hay in this section of the Province is cut and housed. The crop is very light. Farmers have commenced reaping barley, which has a most favorable appearance. Wheat is not quite ready for the sickle. Oats are still green, but look well. Peas will, we believe, be an abundant crop. Altogether, the prospects for the farmer in this district are most promising.

The following notice of the "Great Constitutional Meeting" at Quebec, from a Radical paper, may be contrasted with the Tory account given in a late No. of the Bee:—